

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1906.

THE LATEST NEWS

IN THE CITY

IN THE COUNTRY

IN THE STATE

IN THE NATION

IN THE WORLD

IN THE FUTURE

IN THE PAST

IN THE PRESENT

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Message From Key, Tennessee.

The following telegram from Governor Thornton was received by Mayor Plummer this afternoon:

SARASOTA, FLA., July 25, 1906.

TO J. W. Plummer, Mayor Silver City, Ariz.

Just received at the great flood that has destroyed your city. Is there anything we can do to all the afflicted. My services are at your command. W. T. Thornton, Governor.

PERSONAL.

J. M. Harper came in from the Gila last Wednesday and went out on Thursday. He said rain was badly needed in his locality.

R. D. Barnes went down to Deming on Thursday to look after his legal business there.

Mrs. William Murray, of Central, came over to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Jones, last Wednesday.

Mrs. W. L. Jackson and Miss Mary Ague returned from Denver last Wednesday.

T. F. Chandler came in from Mogollon last Tuesday. He has been employed in the Mammoth mill there for several months.

Col. Bennett returned to Mogollon on Thursday.

Leutenant Seaburn, who has been stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for two years, returned to his regiment at Fort Bayard last Thursday.

Miss Hattie Whitfield, Pearl Dotson and Alice Jones went down to Whitehill's ranch, on the Mimbre, for an outing last Wednesday.

Tom Stockton and Miss Ida Hooker came in from the Mangas last Wednesday.

Miss Jennie Chandler, of St. Louis, sister of T. F. Chandler, accompanied by Miss Ophelia Leva, of Carthage, Missouri, arrived from the east last Thursday, and will be the guests of Mr. Chandler during the summer.

F. J. Davidson was down from Pinos Altos on Thursday.

The family of Miss Genevieve Potter arrived from Baxter Springs, Kansas, last Thursday. They will occupy the Lyons & Campbell house in the northern part of the city.

Con Nolan returned from El Paso last week where he had been for several days. He says the town is very quiet.

Miss Lucile Moore, who went to Los Angeles several days ago, is improving in health.

Mayor Fleming returned last week from a trip in the northern part of the Territory.

R. E. Bratton, of the Ivanhoe smelter, came over to Silver City last Friday.

A. H. Reeling returned from the Las Vegas hot springs last Friday evening.

Roupen B. Kevorkian, manager Santa Santa Mines, Pedro and California Turquoise mines, arrived from New York last Wednesday, and will remain in Silver City for several months.

Miss Hattie Culver, a consumptive, who came here from California a few months ago, went to El Paso last Friday. She is still quite feeble.

The Carlisle Killing.

A great many different reports have been circulated regarding the unfortunate killing of Sig. Weis by W. C. Davenport last week. Mr. Davenport is now in the custody of Sheriff Shannon, awaiting the arrival of witnesses, when a preliminary examination will be held before Judge Owens, of this place.

From the testimony given before the coroner's jury held in Carlisle, it looks as though, while being an unfortunate affair, it was unavoidable. Mr. Davenport and three gentlemen were playing whist in Mr. Arthur Hand's room, near the store, when Billy Davenport went down to the store to give Mr. Weis an order for goods. Mr. Weis made some very angry remarks about Mr. Hand and his friends, at which Billy took offense, and told Weis that he, Davenport, was to blame. Davenport then went after Mr. Hand to come into the store to settle his affairs with Weis. Davenport returned to the store and began giving items of goods to Weis, when the quarrel was renewed. Mr. Weis had a number of guns in his store which he had shown to most every one, and told them for what purpose they were kept. Billy knew of these guns and the places where they were kept. When the quarrel again started, Davenport got angry and told Weis not to abuse the other men, that he was alone to blame for any noise the boys were making. Weis then started to one of the places where a pistol was kept. Billy told him not to get any gun for him, repeating the warning the second and third time, when Weis got the gun and raised it nearly on a level, then Davenport fired, killing Weis instantly, the ball entering his right eye. Davenport then remarked that if he was wanted he could be found at home, where he went at once, stopping on his way to notify his brother of the affair and have him go over to the scene of the killing. Mr. Chas. Davenport then went over to Carlisle and had to ask personally that a warrant be issued for his brother, and in a short time he was in charge of an officer. He never made any attempt to get away and desired to surrender at once.

The affair is an unfortunate one and is deeply regretted by the friends of both Weis and Davenport, who were both young and just getting into a position to enjoy the boom of the new Carlisle, and the results of their long stay in the old mine.

The preliminary examination will be held Thursday or Friday, when all the witnesses will be examined, and the different stories corrected.

If H. Allison, the postmaster at Allamo, was in town today, and reported a good rain on the Mimbre last night.

A Cloud Burst!

THE GREATEST FLOOD EVER KNOWN IN SILVER CITY OCCURRED SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 21ST, 1906.

Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed and Numerous Homes Made Desolate—No Lives Lost But Hundreds of Narrow Escapes—The City Received a Blow, The Effects of Which Will Be Felt For Years.

THE MAIN WATER.

Sunday evening, July 21st, 1906, will go down in history as the date upon which occurred the greatest and most destructive flood ever recorded in the annals of Silver City. In the afternoon dark and threatening clouds were visible in the vicinity of Pinos Altos mountains and the Black Range, and as the day receded the clouds increased in density and angry aspect until nightfall when they not only continued to thicken but appeared to advance upon the city like a solid army preparing for an attack. At about seven o'clock flashes of lightning lit up the wild scene and peals of thunder announced the onslaught. At eight o'clock the clouds, which were now hanging like a pall over the doomed city, were rent in twain and their contents dashed into the canyons and arroyos leading down to the narrow valley between which this quiet little city had so long nestled with that peaceful security which is felt by the fledgling beneath the wing of the parent bird. In a short space of time then it takes to write it, our streets were converted into immense waterways and the mad torrents rushed through them with a velocity impossible to calculate. This appeared to be only a forerunner, however, of the fearful danger impending. No sooner had the water from the first dash begun to recede than the cry went forth that another and more terrible flood was coming and that it was headed by an immense wave several feet in height. Such complete confusion prevailed that it was impossible for the people in the danger district to really understand their fearful peril, or to escape from its consequences. The whole area between Hudson street on the west and the hills on the east was one complete rolling, raging, seething cauldron. Oris for help, the crashing of timbers, the collapse of buildings, and the roar and din of the flood rendered the night one never to be forgotten.

From the vast volume of water which passed through this city it is impossible that it could have descended through natural rainfall, hence it is that a water-spout or cloud burst must have caused the abnormal condition which nearly resulted in sweeping Silver City from the face of the earth. The first flood came from Chisole, but the second and greater volume of water passed down Railroad avenue and Bullard street, and evidently came from the Pinos Altos mountains. The whole area from upper Bullard street was completely inundated and untold damage was done to residence property. Outbuildings, fences, nearly everything of a movable character was washed away. One house with its entire contents, belonging to Gus Johnson, was carried down with the current. Nearly every house in that section was seriously damaged and in numerous instances the furniture was completely ruined. Further down, where the water was forced to pass through narrower channels, is where the greatest damage was done.

And here our power of description fails us. Neither will time and space permit a minute description. The loss to residents and business men is variously estimated at from \$100,000 to \$200,000. But however wide of the exact amount of loss sustained these figures may be, true it is that Silver City has received a financial blow from which it will require years in which to recover. We cannot pass from this picture without giving a few of the prominent details which renders it so appalling and disastrous.

The Elephant corral, between Main and Railroad avenues, is a complete wreck. Most of the building is swept away and carriages, harness and debris lay there in an inconspicuous mass. Five horses, were drowned.

The next great loss down the street is at the Tremont House. Here the damage is estimated at between \$2000 and \$3000. While the main building is still intact, it is still settling rapidly, and being built largely of stone, its collapse is almost hourly expected. The destruction of all the small buildings connected with the house and the furniture and fixtures on the first floor is complete.

Down two blocks below the Tremont House came in for some damage. The building proper appears to be all right but the southeast corner of the old part of the hotel was torn down and the south wing flooded.

The Santa Fe Railroad company is a great loser through damage to railroad, loss of rails, ties, etc. Nearly all the track from the station to the bridge is either completely washed away or otherwise ruined. Between this point and Whitewater eight bridges were washed away besides the damage to the roadbed. It is estimated that four miles of track are entirely gone.

O. C. Hinman is one of the greatest sufferers. His loss on stock and building will amount to perhaps \$2,500. Nearly all his fine upholstered furniture was damaged and much of it completely ruined. The building is also in bad condition.

M. E. White's feed store was flooded and much of his stock ruined.

Martin Maher was a heavy loser on stock and fixtures in his bakery. He says his loss on stock, etc. will approximate \$3000.

Geo. D. Jones had considerable stock of a perishable character stored in his basement. In addition to this the first floor of his shop was flooded and his loss was considerable.

From Jones' south to Flomberg's corner, the damage was slight. Rosenburg lost a few goods in the basement of his store and sustained quite a loss on bedding.

A. L. Shelly is one of the principal losers through the flood. He owns the row of buildings from the postoffice to the Exchange saloon and the whole thing is almost a complete wreck. The rear of the buildings is all gone and the amount which it will require to repair them is almost incalculable. The corner building, in which the postoffice is situated, was almost gutted. The safe, containing about \$500 in stamps and money, was carried down below the basement where it was discovered next day. Its contents were saved. A portion of the side wall of the postoffice went out. In the afternoon dark and threatening clouds were visible in the vicinity of Pinos Altos mountains and the Black Range, and as the day receded the clouds increased in density and angry aspect until nightfall when they not only continued to thicken but appeared to advance upon the city like a solid army preparing for an attack. At about seven o'clock flashes of lightning lit up the wild scene and peals of thunder announced the onslaught. At eight o'clock the clouds, which were now hanging like a pall over the doomed city, were rent in twain and their contents dashed into the canyons and arroyos leading down to the narrow valley between which this quiet little city had so long nestled with that peaceful security which is felt by the fledgling beneath the wing of the parent bird. In a short space of time then it takes to write it, our streets were converted into immense waterways and the mad torrents rushed through them with a velocity impossible to calculate. This appeared to be only a forerunner, however, of the fearful danger impending. No sooner had the water from the first dash begun to recede than the cry went forth that another and more terrible flood was coming and that it was headed by an immense wave several feet in height. Such complete confusion prevailed that it was impossible for the people in the danger district to really understand their fearful peril, or to escape from its consequences. The whole area between Hudson street on the west and the hills on the east was one complete rolling, raging, seething cauldron. Oris for help, the crashing of timbers, the collapse of buildings, and the roar and din of the flood rendered the night one never to be forgotten.

The Broadway corral was completely telegraphed. The first dash through the southeast corner swept the floor from end to end. Two horses were drowned and the balance saved by merest chance. Buggies, harness and feed were nearly all lost.

The Broadway hotel is almost a complete wreck and is in a dangerous state of collapse. A portion of the north wing has already fallen and the south wall has settled 18 inches out of plumb. Mrs. Rader's loss will reach at least \$800. J. S. Fleider who has a law office on the first floor suffered the loss of his library, which is one of the finest in the Territory, and all his office furniture.

John Carson's saloon was almost completely swept of its contents.

Borenstein Bros., Pat Corral, Steve Uhle and Schneider Bros. suffered loss of stock.

Prominent among those who lost heavily on furniture, etc., in realizations, may be mentioned Mrs. M. J. Scott, at the corner of Texas and Yukle streets. Her loss on furniture was nearly complete and it was a miracle that the entire family was not drowned.

Dr. Bailey's beautiful home is almost ruined. The water on the first floor caused severe loss on furniture, carpets, clothing, etc. His lawn is ruined.

Mrs. D. S. Warren's place presents a sad appearance. Her fences are down and there are 3 feet of sand and debris in her yard. The first floor of the house was under about 10 inches of mud and water.

James Corral's place, upon which he has expended so much time and money is literally ruined. His walls are down and his beautiful fruit trees and shrubbery broken and ruined.

Water broke into Wm. Kemp's house on Main street and played and havoc with his costly furniture, carpets, etc. The family was rescued with great effort.

J. R. Johnson's house on Yukle street, suffered to an extent as any in the flood district. The water poured through the house and there it was a scene of utter desolation was complete. Nearly everything was either washed away or ruined.

A. A. Alexander's house on Bullard street was filled with water to a depth of two feet and much damage was done.

Mining and Milling.

METAL MARKET.

Bar silver..... 66 1/2
Lead..... 3 1/2
Copper..... 10 1/2

Sapp & Hanson, of the Pinal Copper company, are rushing business on their copper mines at Pinal. They have completed arrangements whereby they are to increase the output of the mines. They have kept their first-class ore shipped out about as fast as it has been produced, but they now have on hand several hundred tons of second-class ore which they will have treated soon.

The Conroy mill, at Conroy, has been closed down for some time on account of changes being made. They are doing away with the old water power and putting in an engine which will in future operate the mill.

The Maud S. mine at Mogollon is for sale. The last week a very rich streak of free gold was struck in the three-foot vein on the 300 foot level. They also struck a very rich vein of chlorite, and now the only inconvenience that the owners of this rich property encounter is scarcity of water. They are running 10 stamps on blue ore and five stamps on the free milling ore. They have just put in their concentrators and they will like a change.

The Little Fannie mill is closed down for want of water, and but few men are employed on development work in this mine. As soon as the water conditions brighten up everything will run again.

N. Bell was down from Pinos Altos on Saturday, and said that as soon as he got his cattle deal cleared up he would immediately open up his mining properties and put on a large force of men.

The citizens of Pinos Altos were aroused from their slumber last Saturday morning a few minutes before three o'clock, by a terrible explosion, and immediately the streets were thronged with anxious inquirers as to the cause that they were not long in ascertaining. It was caused by gas at powder placed in a foot or so from the building in which Billy Watson was sleeping. Murder was evidently the purpose of this person or persons who perpetrated the outrage. Mr. Watson was sleeping alone in the building, only a few feet from where the explosion occurred. The side and floor of the building were completely wrecked and it is almost a miracle that Watson was not immediately killed. He was, however, badly out and bruised about the face and head, and believe that his life was saved by the fact that he was sleeping on a heavy double mattress. As it was, he was simply blown to the roof of the building, sustaining a number of slight injuries as he came in contact with the rafters. There appears to be a mystery connected with the affair that none can solve. Mr. Watson had not a known enemy in the camp, was not believed to have any money about him, was a quiet, inoffensive man and a general favorite in Pinos Altos. For a number of years he was head clerk and manager for Bell & Stephens, and at present is leasing on the Langdon properties and working the same in a small way.

Miss Landonberry, of Bicycle Fame, in Albuquerque.

Albuquerque Daily Citizen.

Miss Annie Landonberry, who on a wagon of \$30,000 to \$10,000 is going around the world on a wheel, arrived here on the delayed train yesterday afternoon from the south and is stopping at the San Felipe hotel. The Citizen reporter was introduced to the young lady this morning, and seated in the rotunda of the hotel she spoke interestingly of her daring trip around the earth's circumference. She is a charming, vivacious talker, nearly 23 years of age, with regular features somewhat tanned by the sun and wind of the Orient. The broad rim of a jaunty white straw hat trimmed with black ribbon bent and shook itself in response to her animated movements of the head in speaking. The right leg was thrown over the left, the hands crossed at the knee and from under the bottom of a plain, black skirt a shapely foot was visible. The venturesome athlete stands 5 feet 2 inches and weighs 130 pounds. When she began her tour she weighed 105 pounds, and for the 21st Pinos races she trained down from 143 pounds to her present weight.

June 25, 1904, Miss Landonberry started out from Boston under contract to pump her way around the world in 11 months. The route was mapped out and the contract requires her to register at stated places. The wagon grew out of a discussion between prominent club men as to the power of endurance and pluck of women. It was considered impossible for a woman to make the trip unattended and alone. Miss Landonberry, the lucky young journalist of the Boston Herald was selected for the feat. If she succeeds the \$30,000 shall be hers. By the terms of the contract she left Boston penniless and it requires that she should receive no assistance in the way of money or food that she did not actually work for. She has saved and split wood in return for food and has gone hungry many a day when she could not get that or anything else to do.

"I have absolutely received no insult throughout the whole trip," said Miss Landonberry, "and I've been treated with the highest consideration except perhaps when four of us, all Americans, were packed like sardines into a narrow and vile dungeon in China."

Her course lay by way of France, Egypt, India, China, Japan, Korea, Siberia and San Francisco, and from here she will proceed to Denver, and then home to Boston. She is permitted to ride 500 miles by rail on the entire trip.

She left El Paso Sunday last and expected to reach Las Cruces Tuesday. It was the worst experience of the whole trip. Instead of reaching Las Cruces as expected, she was out all night without shelter in a blinding rain, and her clothes were dripping water when she got there. Her tire was punctured and she was obliged to await a repair outfit from El Paso. The journey over the Jornada del Muerto was made without incident and the remainder of the journey to Socorro was difficult on account of heavy rains and washouts. At Socorro yesterday she boarded the train for Albuquerque. "I have gone hungry for days and slept out in graveyards, but that was nothing compared with my experience from El Paso here," she said.

She rides in bloomers costume and her baggage consists of a shirt (which answers the double purpose of meeting the conventional requirements of city life and of a blanket when forced to sleep out), a change of underclothes and a canteen of water, altogether weighing five pounds. She carries a pistol on her body, and the quick, penetrating flash of her large dark eye shows that she would not hesitate a moment to use it if necessary. She received a painful wound in the shoulder from a stray bullet in the Japan-China war. She was crossing the field of hostile operations on her journey at the time. She recounts a narrow escape from drowning in crossing the Cayton river, frozen at the time. The boat saved her from going under. The bike is a 21 pound Sterling, man's makes. The lady claims a record of a mile in 2:30, and from the manner in which she can run from Albuquerque's feet pumpers last night, there can be no doubt of it. The sport was in honor of her arrival and she freely took the lead and held it. Two local wheelmen bodily bunched on Railroad avenue and gave confusion and tumbling was the result.

The best time Miss Landonberry claims to have made on the trip is 1:30 miles from San Francisco to near Salton, Cal., in 20 hours, and also 114 miles from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles in 18 hours.

PET CIGARETTES

ARE THE BEST

CIGARETTE SMOKERS

PET CIGARETTES

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS